# The true and lyuely hiſto-

RYKE PVRTREATVRES
OF THE VVOLL
BIBLE. vas Holbein

AT LYONS,
BY IEAN OF TOVRNES.
M. D. LIII.

# TO THE RIGTH

## *WORSHIPFULL AND*

## moſt vvorthie, Maſter Pikeling, embaſſadour of the kinge of Englande, Peter derendel peace, and felicitie.

*Knowe, mi moſt diſcret and vertuous Maſter, that ſome amonge other ſhall be fonde, readie to blame this worke, bringinge for them, that no nede it was of ſuche purtreatures, ſith we haue at libertie theſelf ſtories, wherin we mai muche better knowe the pure truth reding the wholl, then to ſtaie at a thinge vncertaine and drawen at pleaſure: Some other ſhall be (knowe I well) wiche ſhall endeuer themſelues to ſai, that it is a thinge open-*

lie forbiden be the lawe of God, and allthought the ſtrong and faithfull mai without ani danger beholde them, vſing therof after their owne goode diſcretion, that neuertheleſſe, being ſen of the weake and ſimple, it mai be vnto them occaſion of fall: Other lickwiſe that, ſith the hearing aboue all our fiue naturall wittes moſt diuin is allone nedfull to ſaluation, wherwith we, as with an inſtrument mete, muſt take and receaue the promeſſes of God offred and preſented vnto vs in the holie ſcriptures, contenting ourſelues we shulde red them, with vnderſtanding therto required, and vndertake no further. To whome we, willing moſt faine them ſatisfie, aunſwer: that, all be it the letter well vnderſtanded geueth plaine and perfette knowlege of the thinges, neuerbetheleſſe the true and lyuelye purtreatures and repreſentations therof mai be, and (to ſai better) are good and profitable meanes, wherbe we mai shirtlie and with eaſe, kippe and graue in minde the wholl meaning of it, wiche otherwiſe without often reding, and with muche werines

of witte

of witte might eaſilie be forgotten being vnto vs in ſtede of true, cleare, and manifeſt argumentes of the wholl ſubiect. For what a meane more shirt, ſure, and with no little pleaſure eaſie might ani man finde, to teache his childerne, and ſuche as are not ſen in the Bible withall, then to shewe them, the ſtories well drawen, and lyuely pourteated nothing laking therto, but all thinges therin ſette out entierelie, afterward declaring them hollie that, wiche thei repreſente? Or what greater a pleaſure, and recreation of minde might a ſtudious man haue, knowing all readie the ſtories, and being wel vſed, and ſen therin, the i to ſe preſentlie before his eies the thinges ſelf, wiche he had red to be paſſed longe before, the figure and the letter coming, and agreing ſo well, that thei ſeme properlie to be none other, but one ſelf thinge, diſagreing onlie in this, that the ſtorie telleth thinges all readie paſſed, the wiche the figure as calling backe to the preſent, sheweth plainlie with all euidencie to the eie. Nowe as for that wiche the other might ſai, that to drawe and pourtreate

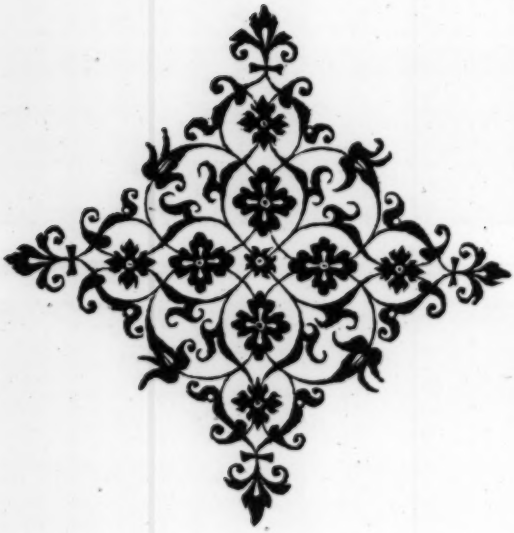
is forbidden vnto vs be the lawe and commaundement of God, I graunt that, for to worshippe it, if then the weacke and ſimple (as thei ſai) do fall, that is to be imputed to them, not the figures: ſith ſo muche lacke that thei bringe and prouocke to idolatrie, that rather thei tourne cleane awai frome it, putting befor the eies the ſore puniſshementes and paines, wherwith the childerne of Iſrael were puniſshed, when thei committed ſuche an abominable deed: As fore the reſte, thei mai ſe therin, but all exemples of good and holie liuing, that is to wite, howe god hath all waies ben readie to healpe, and beare fauour to ſuche as did walke rigthlie in his pathes and waies: contrariewiſe greuouslie to puniſshe them, wiche rebell vnto him wolde none other, but folow their owne will, and wicked minde: to be shirt thei mai lerne eurie where therin to flie, and eſchewe ſinne, and with good adreſſe to folowe vertu. As for the thirde, truth is that be the hearing nedes we muſt receaue the faith: iet neuertheleſſe in her degree the ſyght is greatlie

greatlie required, and nedfull, ther with to knowe Goddes glorie and magnificencie in his workes, cõsidered in the beginning he mad heauen and earth, with other visible workes, acording our capacitie shewing, and manifesting himself vnto vs, to the ende, that be this meane we might come to the knowlege of him, and seing plaine, that suche his workes were fare more then of man, might knowe likewise that it behoued the worckman therof to be without ani compareson mor excellent then anie man was. If therfore be the meanes of the eie we come to so a high and diuin knowlege, I can thinke non other, but that in this it be goode and profitable so that we will not abuse therof, the wiche thinge might also happe of the hearing. For who colde let ani man, that shulde heare tell or red some storie neuer so godlie or shulde tell or red it himself, to imagine some idolatrie in his minde? and that is liekwise against the lawe and commaundement of God, being not onlie exteriour, but also interiour. If theni wil so bringe and call backe thinges passed, red and heard in the trew, and

holie ſtories of the olde Teſtament, that the eie mai alſo enioie therof, of a truth the intention and minde, nor the ende alſo, mai be but good, and godlie. The wiche thinges with miſelf right well conſidered, I haue thought it mete to endeuer miſelf to tranſlate the argument of eche figure in Englishe meter, being lickewiſe putte in ſixe other languages, to the entent that the countre, wherin I had ben nourriſhed and brought vp, shulde in no wiſe remain baſtard allone, his tonge kipping her place amonge other, readie to bring him licke comoditie. This therfor be me vndertaken and ended, kipping eurie wher licke meaſure, the thirde perſon actiue of the Preſent, with the Aoriſte, lickewiſe the Participle paſsiue of the preterite at diſcretion, as comonlie in the ſpeache is vſed, the contractions alſo of the tonge obſerued, morouer in the Orthographye leauing y to the greke wordes, vſing of our owne, as I thought it mete and conuenient, I being of the Frenshe nation, for mi ſauegarde and the workes, haue fonde none more ſure, then iou mi vertuous maſter preſuppoſed

that

*that ie borne in the countre, to the wiche naturallie am affectionat, are at this time Embaſſadour towarde the Kinge of mi naturall lande, douting no wiſe, but if iou will vouchesaue to take in bande to kippe it a litle and defende, vnder the buckler of iour fauour, that without anie loſt, or damage shall remaine woll, and harmeleſſe. For I knowe right well, that iour good iugement is in ſo great a reputation with eurie one, that wherevar die shall drawe, all without ani withſtanding will folowe iou. Truth is, that the worke is vnworthie to compeere before iour Maſter shippe, ſo muche laketh that iou ought to receaue it, neuerhethleſſe it shall plenſe iou, to looke a little vpon the good affection, and minde wherwith it is preſented: and ſo doing ie shall encorage me to geue meſelf heraſter to that thinge, wiche, mai be, shall be better worth, to the ſeruice of iour Maſtershippe, whoſe lowlie and humble ſeruaunt I am, and shall be.*



# THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

THE *affection mine allwaies towarde the hartlie erneſt, louing reader, being cõtinuallie commaunded of the dutie of mi profeſsion, mai not but dailie go about to ſatisfie the in this, wiche thow deſireſt and lookeſt for in mi vacation, therwiche, tomai pleaſe the, I wolde it were to mi minde ſo frie acd licentiouſe ſtreched at large, as it is be the mishappe of the time reſtrained. Reſtrained it is trulie, not of it ſelf, but for the diuerſitie of the braines of this dai, ſome tender and delicat, the other to rude, and groſſe, and the laſt to ſtraungelie different frome them both, ſcrupulouſe, and obſtinate: ſo that without danger, or ſcandale, i mai not delecte the with theſame thinges wiche for the are more required, to the contentation of the part harder to be contended, as the mor tickeling, wiche is the ſprit. For whoſe delectation I mai not but*

not but confesse, that the holie scripture is the chief of all the other. And because that in this part, wiche therwith mai edifie vs, I mai not (as I said) wel reioisse the, I did looke to please the with the other, that bringeth vp, wiche is the representatvn of the holie Bible, to the ende that, if tow maiest not enioi the letter so frelie, as thow woldest thiself, thow maiest tapisse sure the chambres of thi minde and remembraunce with the figures therof, and mor honestlie, after vs, then thou doest the chambres, and halles of thi house with ethnike stories, thus euill becoming the faithfull. And when it were but for a witnesse, and to bringe the to mnde, that all the olde testament was but the image, and figure of this, wiche we holde, I haue wold faine figure it the here: to the entent also, that, hauing often befor thin eies, the storie of the holie Patriarches liuing, tow maiest so well conforme thine at their exemple, that it mai be to the fulfilling of goddes will, and thi saluation,

So be it.

*God the heauen mad in the beginning,*
*The earth and ſea withall in perfitnes,*
*The moone and ſonne in the skie bright shining,*
*Adam after mad to his one licknes.*

*With liuing ghoaſt god mad Adam to liue,*
*Permitting him to maintain in his breath:*
*To eate of all except the frute of liue,*
*Wiche did forbid vnder the pain of death.*

*A heauie sleep on Adam god did cast,*
*Then frome his ſid a ribbe of his plucking:*
*Therwith lightlie Eue his wif formed chast,*
*And befor him laied her at his waking.*

*To Eue is come the ſerpent malicioufe*
*Full quicke, and ſo right buſie about here,*
*Soon worcked, that (of their good enuiouſe)*
*The frute forbide thei eate both togethere.*

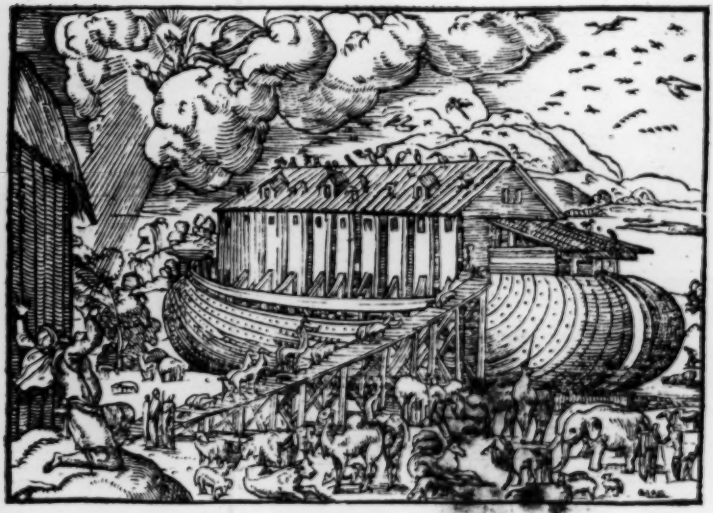
*This frute anon their both eies cleare opened:*
*Wherfore a shame ſo to shew their nature,*
*A figgers leaues plucking nigh them ioined*
*To their bodies, making ſo couerture.*

*God then knowing ſuche craftie deception,*
*Adam called roughlie and ſore chidding:*
*His curſe them gaue and his malediction,*
*For diſpiſing of his holie bidding.*

*God eche of them with a garment of skinne*
*Clothed, driueth out the faire place of pleaſure:*
*Then of the frute the waikipeth Cherubin:*
*Wherfore with death purſued are anon ſure.*

*With muche droping and sweat of his visage,*
*Eateth Adam his bread new and moderne:*
*Eue in sorow and care of her menage,*
*Geueth out great cries bringing fourth of childerne.*

*Cain curſed firſt of mans blood sheder,*
*Therwith ſicking his one malediction,*
*Of enuie full ſmitting slaieth his brother:*
*Wherfore leeſeth all hope of redemption.*



*God the deluge to Noe doeth forſai,*
*Commaunding him the arche to builde and do:*
*Then to get in with his ſuche as doeth ſai:*
*For all mankinde with waters willeth vndo.*

*Of the skie ſcluſes let all their waters skippe,*
*And lift in aire the arche to the cloudes plain,*
*Fiue mõthes and mõre on their waues do her kippe:*
*Then whence thei came thei go all ſtraight again.*

*The arche cometh on Armenies the hill:*
*Perished is all trough the wholl worlde ronde,*
*Noe allone with his aliue reſteth ſtill,*
*Wiche dead backward findeth euri thing ſterke dronde.*

*A lande come down an altare buildeth to praie,*
*With pure cattell he maketh immolation:*
*God doeth promiſe that neuer of liue daie,*
*No man ſe ſhall ſuche other mondation.*

*Sealing this peace god in the skie doeth laie,*
*The raine bowe his, and that token them giue:*
*Then all blißed forbideth them to slaie,*
*In ani wiſe no man that is aliue.*

*Cham curſed is of Noe his father,*
*Wiche droncke leaueth him vncoured frowardlie:*
*Sem then ſorie with Iaphet his brother,*
*Couer him go ſtraight ther where he doeth lie.*

*Nembroth the ſtronge to make ſpeake of his name,*
*Babel the toure buildeth with greate eſtages:*
*But god breacking and diſſiping theſame,*
*Confounded all his men in their languages.*

*Frome his countre Abraham doeth him part.*
*God bidding him with all felicitie,*
*To go awaie to Chanaan the part,*
*Wiche doeth promiſe to his poſteritie.*

*Cattell and gooddes ſo muche Abraham haue,*
*And Loth alſo on the earth feeding there:*
*That ther sheepherdes do their beſt and do braue,*
*To make ſore warre amonge them togethere.*

*Wherfore leauing the place of Chanaan,*
*Loth be counſaill ſepareth him shirtlie:*
*With all his gooddes there leauing Abraham*
*Cometh to dwell in Sodome willinglie.*

*Melchiſedech the high prieſt and good kinge,*
*Breade wine bringeth him then his benediction:*
*Of the boties wiche Abraham doeth bringe,*
*To him he geueth the decimes in porcion.*

*Abraham then Agar without faintiſe*
*Knoweth in deed, be Saras owne counſaill:*
*Great that she is here maſtreſſe doeth diſpiſe:*
*Wherfor greate ſo muſt flie with muche trauaill.*

*God his Aungell within the wildernes*
*Sendeth, telling her go theſelf humilie*
*Agar before thi dame and good maſtres:*
*For thi childerne I will ſure multiplie.*

*God Abraham plainlie doeth certifie,*
*To haue a ſonne with him great poſſeſſion:*
*To begette kinges in his owne progenie:*
*Then him commaundeth do the circonciſion.*

*Of Sodomis the thre Aungels forſai,*
*To Abraham the fearful euerſion:*
*For their ſtraunge vice he doeth vnto god prai:*
*Wherof he hath pitie nor compaſsion.*

*The Sodomites, the Aungels to take ſtill,*
*The dore of loth will breake alſo down trowe:*
*But diſloging with loth punishe their will,*
*And falſe deſire, cauſing them ouerthrowe.*

*The Aungels ſtraight led loth out of Sodome,*
*His wif alſo and daughters far of ſight*
*Of heauens fire that Sodomites conſomme:*
*Of ſalte lothes wif becommeth ſtatu bright.*

*Lothis daughters to ſaue his ſeed withall,*
*Within a holl mad him dronke purpoſedlie:*
*Wiche to his blood taking no heed atall,*
*With eche of them medleth moſt pleaſauntlie.*

*Abimelech willeth be force detain,*
*From Abraham his deare and weded wif:*
*But god him doeth to reſtore here again,*
*Threatning of him to ende the wicked lif.*

*Sara complaineth of Iſmael ſporting*
*With her deare ſonne Iſaac eurie daie:*
*But Abraham ſtrif and noiſe eſchewing,*
*Agar anon with her childe driueth awaie.*

*Agar her ſonne, in the wilde wooddes weping*
*Under a tre laieth, of thirſt willing die:*
*Godis Aungell of them the voice hearing,*
*Sheweth her a weall her childe to ſatisfie.*

*Abraham willeth for to pleaſe godes highnes,*
*Of his deare ſonne to make immolation:*
*But god knowing his wount true righteouſnes,*
*Maketh him to leaue ſuche an execution.*

# GENESIS XXIII.

*In Hebrom lande Sara endeth her laſt dai:*
*Abraham paieth the ſepulcher trulie*
*To Ephron ionge wherin doeth her right lai*
*The good olde man mourning moſt bitterlie.*

*Here bucket faire vp Rebecca doeth holde,*
*The ſeruaunt drinketh therin all with his eaſe:*
*Rebecca then iet to water is bolde*
*His tene camels the better him to pleaſe.*

*As in the filde Iſaac walketh loocking,*
*Cometh Rebecca frome Meſopotamie:*
*On his camels the ſeruaunt doeth her bringe,*
*Of Iſaac to be the wif ſemie.*

*Full of longe daies the owne dette of nature*
*Paieth Abraham, and dieth veri swetlie:*
*His good childerne within the ſepulture*
*Nigh be Sara do laie him for to lie.*

*Of Rebecca ar borne all together*
*The twines mamed Eſau and Iacob:*
*The wicke holdeth be the foote his brother,*
*When thei brought fourth in haſt do waill*
*and ſob.*

*Frome the ſilde cometh Eſau a honger,*
*And his brother Iacob ſelleth and maketh ſure,*
*For certain meat that he eateth a ſonder.*
*(Wherfore repenteth his) primogeniture.*

*To Paleſtins Iſaac doeth him ſaie*
*His wiues brother, out of his owne nation:*
*Abimelech ſeing them both to plaie*
*Through a window, blameth the ſaid fiction.*

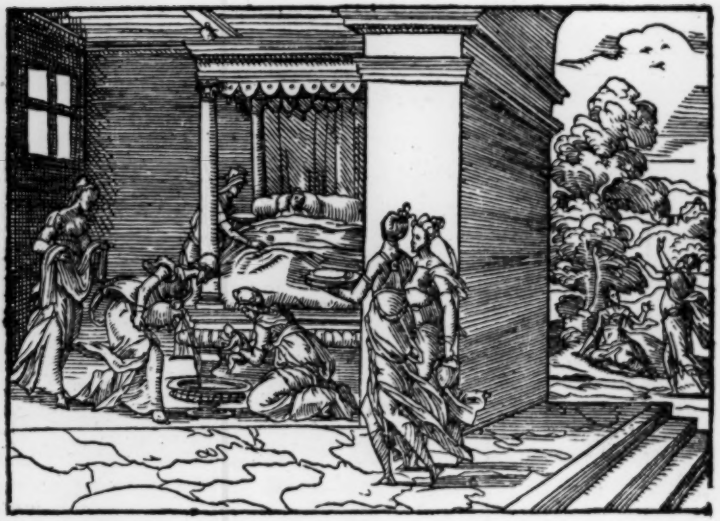
*Iſaac doeth (whill the dearth is) remain*
*In Paleſtine, his flockes make good encreaſe:*
*Wherfore enuied Abimelech taket pain,*
*Stried his waters, to driue him out with eaſe.*

*Abimelech of Iſaac hath minde,*
*Seing that god fauoureth him greatlie,*
*And peace with him with an othe he doeth*
*binde,*
*Allthought he hath handled him moſt roughlie.*

*Eſaü leeſeth his deare benediction,*
*Be Rebecca counſaill his owne mother:*
*Wiche doeth ſo well led the ſimulation,*
*That to Iacob doeth giue it his father.*

*A lader ſeeth Iacob frome earth allone*
*Touching the skie, Aungels theron paſsing,*
*Slombring that whill the heade vpon à ſtone:*
*God then apeereth to him muche promiſing.*

*Rachel leading here sheepe to the water,*
*Iacob the weall doeth vncouer vpon*
*Then here kiſsing, and doeth ſo woorcke after.*
*That her he wedeth with her ſiſter anon.*



*Baren Rachel a longe time doeth remain:*
*Often therfor to Iacob maketh her mone:*
*But god mightie ſetteh her out of this pain,*
*For she bringeth fourth Ioſeph childe of her owne.*

*Iacob leauing Laban ſoon cometh awai,*
*Rachel ſoftlie her idole taketh with her:*
*Laban after goeth and cerche them that dai:*
*But findeth nothing wherfor kiſſeth them both ther.*

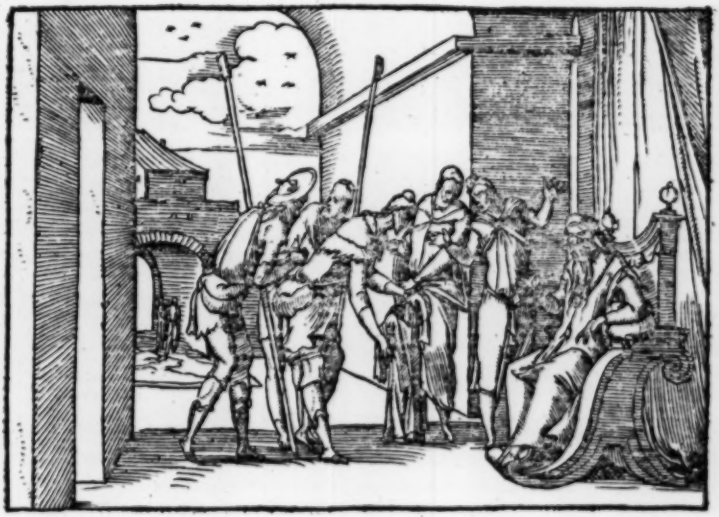
*Conſidering their auncient ſtrif and olde,*
*Iacob ſeing Eſau in doute cometh,*
*Aſſuring him the Aungell with him bolde,*
*Wreſtleth plain, wherfor crepell becometh.*

*But of Iacob the childerne it permitte*
*Will not Sichem witout circonciſion,*
*And without doute their father do promitte,*
*To fulfill it for their laſt concluſion.*

*Ioſeph the childe to his brother doeth tell*
*All the dreames his, wherfor thei without reſt*
*Enuious are, and to ſe him do swell,*
*Of their father knowing him loued beſt.*

*Ruben telleth them that he willeth not defill*
*Handes, with the bloode of non of his bretherne:*
*But if it pleaſeth, that his clothes taket hei will,*
*And ſo caſt him into the olde ciſterne.*

*To slaie him quite Iudas doeth not conſent,*
*But to ſell him to marchauntes willeth obei:*
*To whome paſsing that wai thei all content*
*Do ſell him ſtraight for good readie monei.*



*Iacob ſeing ſent to him frome the ſilde,*
*Of his deare ſonne ſo beraied the garment:*
*Thinking to be, with ſome of the beaſtes wilde,*
*All deuoored, ſore doeth mourne and lament.*

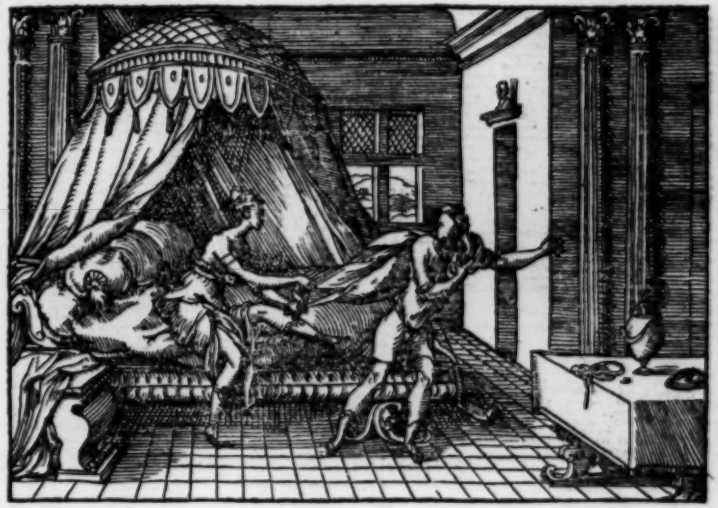
*Iudas awai goeth ſe his sheepe to sheare,*
*Thamar knoweth it, wiche him deceaue*
*wolde ſor,*
*Diſguiſing her, faire clothes on her doeth weare,*
*And leaueth mourning then goeth him tarie for.*

*Iudas mad her of a fate kidde promes*
*To lie with her, and of him gage she hilde:*
*Then of Phares vnknowen the craftines,*
*And of Zaram, in wai gate her with childe.*

*Of all his flocke a faire fate kidde milking*
*Bindeth Iudas, and to her doeth it ſende,*
*His man finde her iet in the filde thinking:*
*But fonde is not ther about at the ende.*

*For to burne her Iudas did purſue on*
*After Thamar, knowing her ſure with childe:*
*Then is forced ſtraight to leaue her allone:*
*When she shewing the gage plain he behilde.*

*Be the marchauntes in to Egypte is brought*
*The good Ioſeph, detaïned be enuie:*
*Wiche for monei of Phutifar is bought,*
*Of Pharaon chief of gendarmerie.*



*Be his chaſt clocke his maſtres doeth him draw*
*To laie with him, Ioſeph willeth not conſent:*
*Wherfore criing ſaied, when ſo faſt him ſaw,*
*Ioſeph it was, that with force take her ment.*

*Wherfore (harde of Phutifar, this ſaüng*
*That she maintaineth in lüng veritable)*
*All in a rage of reſt taketh nothing,*
*Till that he be priſonner miſerable.*

*Tow priſonners their dreames all did declare:*
*The meaning told Ioſeph as came to pas,*
*Within thre daies that the geollers of care*
*Deliured one, the other hanged was.*

*Pharaon willeth, that is dreame be exponde:*
*The ſouthſaiers and augures of his lande*
*Holde all peace, none that can ſpeake is fonde:*
*Ioſeph therfor frome priſon thei demande.*

*Ioſeph declare doeth the darcke dreames ſo right*
*Of Pharaon, that with his deliuring,*
*Of this riche kinge, is then fonde in the ſight*
*Woorthie, to haue of Egypte the ruling.*

*Of all iowels Pharaon abonding,*
*To be clothed Ioſeph cauſeth and araied,*
*Him of the worlde ſauiour be name calling,*
*Maketh him of his to be woorshipped and praied.*

*To ſeuen ieres of honger to pouruai,*
*Ioſeph hauing of god the prouidence,*
*Plentie of wheat, and meal apart doeth lai,*
*In ſeuen ieres that be of abondance.*

*Be Pharaon Ioſeph is in mariage:*
*Tow childerne faire he hath anon after,*
*One Manaſſes, in the floore of his aage,*
*Then Ephraim, wiche folowed the other.*

*Thei do finde in putting out their forment,*
*All their monei, wherfor their feare is more:*
*For good Ioſeph Iacob is in tourment,*
*For Simeon, and Beniamin mourneth ſore.*

*Ioſeph doeth them the ſteward recomaunde,*
*When Beniamin beholdeth befor his eiene:*
*Of a banquet then the meate doeth comaunde,*
*For at none dai he willeth with them dine.*

*Within their ſackes, Ioſeph iet ones again,*
*All their ſiluer and monei cauſeth to laie:*
*Within theſame of Beniamin biddeth plain*
*His great cup ſette, and then ſendeth them awai.*

*Beniamins necke about both armes doeth reche,*
*And kiſſeth them all with a loue amiable,*
*On them weping, recouer doeth the ſpeache:*
*Then Pharaon maketh ioie vneſtimable.*

*The Egiptiens citizens with other,*
*Sell their gooddes all to Ioſeph, and knowlege,*
*Some corne to haue, but the prieſtes aſonder*
*Do kippe all theirs, be kinglie priuilege.*

*His towelue childerne Ioſeph mad all there come:*
*Then to them all gaue his precious bliſſing,*
*Readie to die, and all their time to come*
*Did them reuele, be high prophetiſing.*

*Now his father Ioſeph bringeth to Ebron,*
*The wiche is dead, for to burie him ther:*
*Iacob liuing had praied ſo to be don,*
*The good olde man, and therto mad him ſwear.*

*Of Pharaon in the territorie*
*Iacob childerne fare abroad there do dwell:*
*Dead in Egipte Ioſeph all thei burie*
*Well imbaumed, in a little cornell.*

ENDE.

*A new kinge then, Ioſeph no wiſe knowing,*
*Iſrael all did ſore vexe, and tourment,*
*Therwith shirtlie them all vndo thinking:*
*But them he mad mor encreaſe, and augment.*

*Wherfor for ſpitte he comaundeth all midwiues,*
*All put to death childerne male, that are borne:*
*But fearing god theſe piteable, and good wiues*
*Leſt them aliue, and ſlain to be them ſworne.*

*Pharaon then comaundeth then to be drond*
*Shirtlie with ſpeede, full of vnpaciencie:*
*All the folke then, that teares to poore is fond,*
*Goeth to drond them, in their innocencie.*

*Moſes mother of him then a bed brought,*
*His deare father a whill him kept and hidde*
*For his beautie, then him ruſshes among ſought*
*In water lai, to do as the king bidde.*

*The kinges daughter fonde him in great pitie*
*The ruſshes amonge, wiche to him fauourable,*
*As god did pleaſe, him to ſaue thought worthie,*
*His owne mother giuing him for nource able.*

*A brother his Moſes ſeeth outraged,*
*Be maliciouſe an Egiptien damnable:*
*This wronge ſeen, is ſo well auenged,*
*That wond to death, he hideth him in ſable.*

*Of the Hebreus tow chidding moſt roughlie,*
*Moſes cometh them to rebucke, and take:*
*One outrageous telleth him ſtubburlie,*
*Willt thou ſlaughter mor on me vndertake?*

*Pharaon biddeth to ſeeke as manslaughter*
*Moſes abroad, ſtraight to him kill, and slaie:*
*But god willeth that he leaueth that quarter,*
*The kinges furie better eſchew to maie.*

*Their beaſtes coming at the weall to water*
*Daugthers ſeuen, of Madian the prieſt,*
*Of the sheepheardes Moſes was the maſter,*
*To will greue them, refrening all their liſt.*

*Ietro after be his daughter him fette*
*Sent to that place, seing the personage,*
*Receaueth of him the promes with ioie greate,*
*To giue to him, his daughter in mariage.*

*Dead Pharaon, Iſrael doeth him mourne,*
*Euen as wonded, with extreme affliction:*
*His voice of god is hard plain at that turne,*
*Wiche for his paines had great a compaßion.*

*God to Moſes sheweth him in Oreb mount*
*Ther in a shroobe, as flamme that doeth ſtrenght lacke:*
*Wiche coming nigh the holie place as wont,*
*The shoes on feet, god maketh him to go backe.*

*Moſes is mad of Iſrael captain,*
*Be his handes god willeth his workes ſhew*
*ſtraunge,*
*Promiſing him be his might high, and plain,*
*To an ader his rod at will to chaunge.*

*Aaron cometh ſpeake in the wildernes,*
*As god willeth, to Moſes his brother:*
*Wiche bliſsing him biddeth him in readines,*
*To Pharaon go tell all together.*

*With tokens thre thei shewed manifeſt,*
*Of Iſrael that god them thither ſent,*
*To bringe them out, ſeing them worthie beſt:*
*Iſrael all thanketh god to ſerue him bent.*

*For Iſrael of his paines to ſoulage*
*Cometh Aaron, with his brother Moſes,*
*Deſire the kinge, not ſo greue them nor charge:*
*But mor for this the people doeth oppres.*

*Aaron laieth before this wicked kinge*
*This his rod down, wiche chaungeth to ader:*
*Theſame alſo be inchaunters making:*
*But deuooring the firſt killeth the other.*

*Neuertheleſſe Pharaon burſteth for ſpitte:*
*God knowing then that other willeth not do,*
*Maketh ſpringe out manie frogges in Egipte,*
*To infeſt ther, the meate and drincke vnto.*

*So forced then doeth permitte ſacrifice*
*To Iſrael, ceſsing him do wronge:*
*Moſes readie apeaſing the iuſtice*
*Of god mightie, maketh die the vermine ſpronge.*

*Euen as befor he sheweth them naughtie face,*
*Swelleth with wrath, taketh his falſe obiectes:*
*God chaungeth the duſt to dogges flies in that place,*
*Wiche do pricke kim, beaſtes, alſo his ſubiectes.*

*He doeth repent, and falſeth his promes,*
*Euen as befor goddes people doeth moleſte:*
*God cauſeth die, to refrain his hardnes,*
*Beaſtes eurie one, in his countre with peſte.*

*This heauie ſtrocke ſoſtned his ſtubburne hart,*
*Cauſed him know God, shewing himſelf a fear:*
*Moſes maketh ceſſe tempeſting eurie part,*
*Apeaſing god wiche is ſor in anger.*

*Pharaon then doeth himſelf humilie,*
*Finding at taſt to bitter his owne ſinne:*
*The armes in aire Moſes god praieth humblie,*
*The graſshoppers to driue the red ſea in.*

*Vſing allwaies theſe his aunſwers terrible*
*Pharaon, ſo the lord God doeth prouocke,*
*That in his lande a darcknes moſt horrible*
*Is be thre daies, all troubling without mocke.*

*Nowe Iſrael eateth the lambe ſpotles,*
*As god therof hath mad the ordonnaunce:*
*Wiche the paſſage willeth ſo be knowen doutles,*
*In wiche he tooke of Egiptiens vengeaunce.*

*All the firſt borne of man, both and of beſt*
*Goddis aungell killeth quite out of hande,*
*For the ſore ſinnes of the kinge manifeſt:*
*Wherfor crieth out all the people of his lande,*

*The Egiptiens leaue vnderfull richeſſe*
*To Iſrael, frome Egipte him ſending:*
*God maketh it bringe with them be craftineſſe,*
*Of that ſpoilling them, for their deſeruing.*

*Moſes to God firſt borne doeth ſanctifie:*
*Wherfor with beaſtes maketh immolation,*
*Wiche doeth redeme mans blood, and purifie,*
*Receauing death, be their decollation.*

*Marching be dai, God for their good adreſſe*
*Them of a cloude a colonne ſendeth awai,*
*Wiche guideth them ſtill in the wildernes,*
*Going befor in aire be eurie wai.*

*The Egiptiens with death are apeaſed,*
*Upon the banckes of the red ſea ar laied:*
*Of Iſrael the childerne ar pleaſed:*
*Then praiſing god, a faire cantique is ſaied.*

*Marie Moſes, and Aaron ſiſter*
*With a tabrette, beginneth allone to plait*
*Wemen ſinging folow her glad after,*
*For together their god to praiſe, and prai.*

*Iſrael maieth nomor forbeare the thirſte,*
*In ſur deſert the water is bitter:*
*Their ſodainlie beginneth to murmur firſt:*
*Moſes tourneth it then to swetnes after.*

*In Helim place moſt pleaſaunt to the eie,*
*Findeth Iſrael twelue faire, and good fountaines*
*To him pleaſing, with palmes ſeuentie,*
*Campeth him ſelf ther, to forgette his paines.*

*Iſrael meate in Sin hongrie doeth lacke.*
*Aaron ther, and Moſes doeth diſpitte,*
*Saiing leauer to haue be remained backe*
*With Egiptiens, and haue died in Egipte.*

*God at the nede neuer forgetting his,*
*Cauſeth him ſlie of fat quailles a great ſight,*
*For to shew him that of gooddes the ſpring is,*
*And in the campe lodges and tentes down to light.*

*The mightie God of his people louing,*
*Be fortie ieres frome the skie mad to rain*
*Manne, of the taſt of honnie ſauouring,*
*Floore of forment, mad as coriander plain.*

*It pleaſeth God his manne ordinarie,*
*A dai onlie to Iſrael to laſt:*
*Wiche keping it tow, to the contrarie,*
*Findeth it in woormes, and ſtinche wiche thei*
*muſt caſt.*

*Halowed is of god the creatour*
*The ſeuenth dai, in thewiche he did reſt:*
*Of his bidding the people zelatour,*
*Sabbatizing doeth no woorck man, nor beſt,*

*Aaron laieth the manne in tabernacle,*
*For to be shewed to the posteritie:*
*That thei mai se how their god be miracle,*
*Fed Israel in a desert hongrie.*

*In Raphidim no water maieth be fonde:*
*Moſes feareth leſſe to death be ſtoned:*
*The god of healde biddeth him ſtrike the rocke ſonde,*
*Wiche muche water pooreth well ſeaſoned.*

*To Iſrael Amalech warre doeth make,*
*Thinking his campe with armes all to vndo:*
*The ſwerd in hand Ioſue putteth him backe,*
*Moſes the handes lifting the aire vnto.*

*Ietro cometh ſe Moſes in wildernes,*
*Wiche receaueth him as well he doeth deſerue:*
*Of Pharaon then telleth the wickednes,*
*And the tourment, wherwith he did them ſerue.*

*Moſes the cauſes of the people doeth heare,*
*Ietro ſeeth well, that he taketh to muche paines:*
*He cauſeth make that healpe to him thei beare,*
*Good and faithfull Iudges, with righteous*
*captains.*

*All Iſrael campeth himſelf in the plain*
*Nigh be Sina, whence he willeth go awai:*
*Moſes allone goeth vp to the mountain,*
*For to his god, wiche calleth him ſpeake, and prai.*

*God willeth that his peopell vnderſtande:*
*Moſes cometh then him to ſanctifie,*
*That be this meane againſt death he maieth*
*ſtande.*
*And his garmentes cauſeth him purifie.*

*The ſmocking hill the greate trompette did blaw:*
*The people hard the voice of god in fire,*
*Wiche with great noiſe to Moſes geueth his law,*
*Wherin sheweth him his zeale, and good deſire.*

*On God liuing Iſrael doeth not paſſe,*
*Seing Moſes long in the mount remain:*
*Maketh in Oreb caſt a calf in a maſſe,*
*Then as his god doeth him prai and retain.*

*Befor this calfe is offring immoled*
*Be Iſrael, that his god doeth forgette:*
*And ſo his faith moſt holie violed,*
*Lightlie ſinning be idolatrie greate.*

*Being therfor nomor of god mindfull,*
*His wholl minde is therto ſette, that he muſt*
*Eate ſtill, and danſe, for his bodie ſinfull,*
*Far frome his god, willeth liue at his luſt.*

*Moſes doeth ſe Iſrael him ſelf marre,*
*And to his god wickedlie do wronge:*
*Wherfore angrie, the tables breaketh with great care*
*Of his ſwet lawes, wiche firſt in his hart ſpronge.*

*The calfe hath mad to burne anon after:*
*To Iſrael childerne gaue it to drincke,*
*Pulueriſed, diſſolued in water,*
*That of their ſinne the taſt might deper ſincke.*

*God ſpeacketh roughlie againſt Iſrael all,*
*Moſes therof is in heauie tourmentes:*
*Iſrael then doeth weping prai, and call,*
*And clothe himſelfe, with his mourning*
*garmentes.*

*Moſes him ſelfe putteth in the tabernacle:*
*God ſpeaketh to him in a colonne firie:*
*The people then shamefaſt at the oracle,*
*Doeth him woorshippe, ſeing the miſterie.*

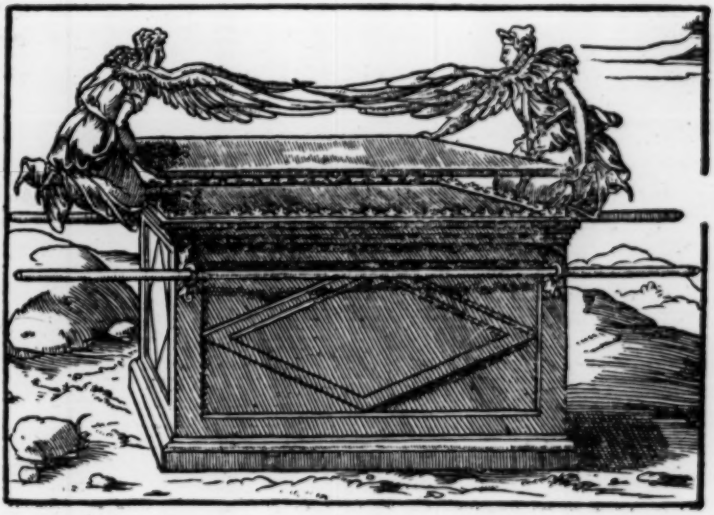
*Allmightie god befor Moſes doeth paſſe*
*Putteth his hand, on his eies and viſage:*
*Shewing therbe that no man ſeeth his face,*
*But that of death paſſe he muſt the paſſage.*

*With God Moſes faſting endeth without pain*
*Of nightes fortie, and fortie daies euer.*
*The holie law is in tables putted again,*
*The wiche with feare thei muſt kippe, and reuere.*

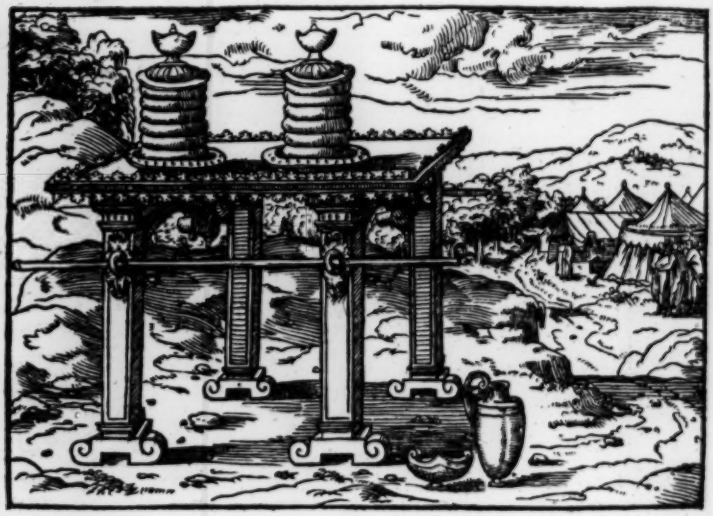
*Moſes cometh frome Sinai the mount,*
*The princes are come ſe him at his coming:*
*Aaron is with them wondring not wount,*
*To ſe frome fare his face with hornes shining.*

*Speaking to them this godlie perſonage,*
*Seing thei haue lacke of ſtrenght in their eies,*
*For to ſe him, doeth couer his viſage,*
*That ſo thei mai better heare the wordes his.*

*It is ended with all fine browderie,*
*On great pillers with art well meaſured:*
*At hoopes of golde hangeth the tapiſſerie,*
*With golden woorcke all the pieces figured.*

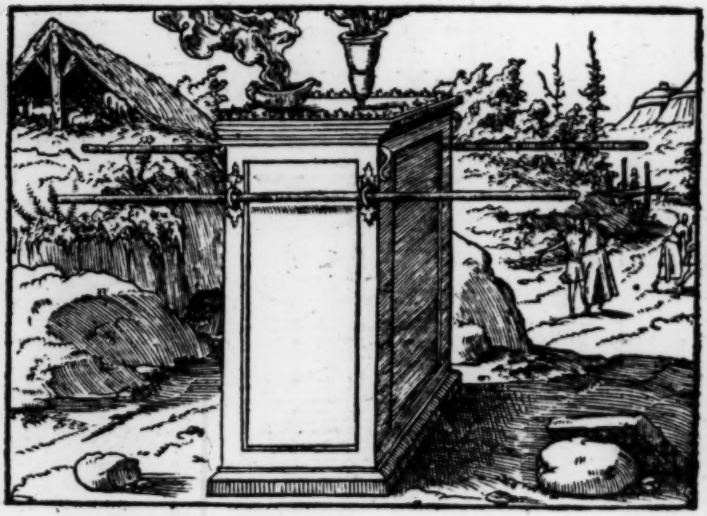


*The praiing place is as god hath bidded:*
*Towe Cherubins of an worke excellent,*
*Under the arche with a riche crowne girded,*
*To laie therin the lawes of teſtament.*

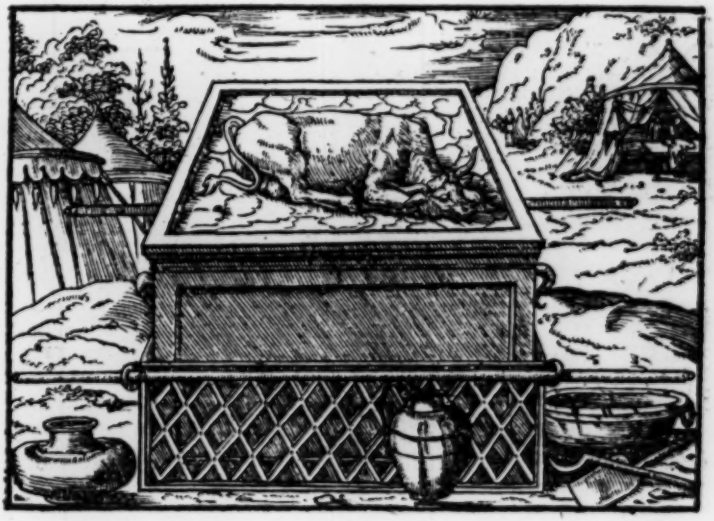


*Of the ſame are all the vaſes, and the table*
*Wherin the bread is of propoſition:*
*Euen ſo as god of the worcke admirable,*
*Frome point to point mad clear declaration.*

*The candellſtycke of pure golde is hanged,*
*Ther for to light in the ſanctuarie,*
*Wiche with fiue braunches to their riche ſtocke ioned,*
*Seuen tapers holde for luminarie.*



*An altar mad (coured with golde) four ſquarre,*
*To wiſe mor high kiping good proportion:*
*All waies ſmocking vpon ſwete perfumes are,*
*Wherof god maketh the right compoſition.*



*The altar then is mad of ſacrifice,*
*With braſſe coured, in pieces thinne and ſmall:*
*All inſtrumentes to that meete, and propice,*
*As pottes, gredirons, brandirons, caudrons*
*withall.*

*Of Aaron the garment the high prieſt*
*Is finiſhed, acording goddes bidding:*
*And ſo well mad that non fairer mai liſt,*
*For to shewe plain, that it is goddes finding.*

*Moſes maketh the holie hallowing,*
*With all deacking of the Sanctuarie:*
*With oile maketh the godlie anointing,*
*For goddes bidding it is ordinarie.*

*Being ended of the Sanctuarie*
*The worcke, then ther goddis highnes doeth light*
*In ronde about, and aboue doeth tarie*
*Be dai couring it, a cloude faire in ſight,*

*Ended the dai, anon it doeth become*
*In ſhining fire, and a light moſt goodlie:*
*Wiche miſsing not euen as the night is come,*
*Burning ſparcleth, about the place holie,*

*When Iſrael ſeeth the cloude awai moue,*
*And that leauing the holie place doeth part:*
*Sodainlie thence doeth vncampe and remoue,*
*And folowe it, wether it goeth the part.*

ENDE.

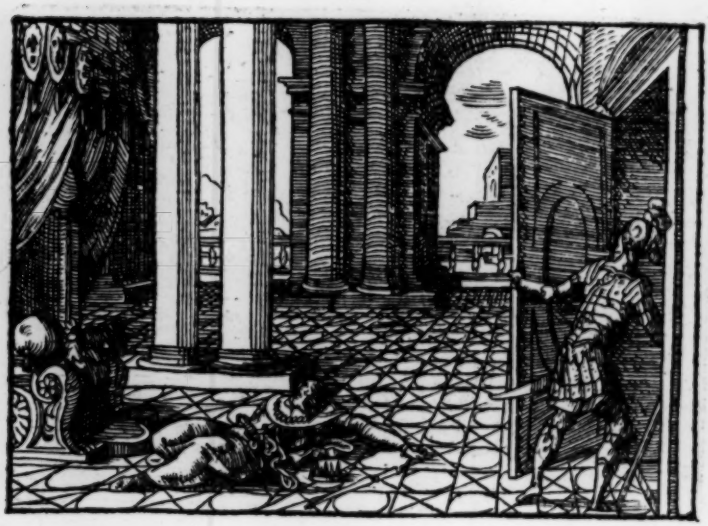
*A fyre coming from god and skie aboue,*
*The ſacrifice vtterlie doeth deuoore:*
*Iſrael this ſeing falleth down with loue*
*Praiſeth his god, and woorshippeth at that hoore.*

*Nadab with him Abiu a fire ſtraunge,*
*To the lorde god againſt his will do offer:*
*Wherfor angrie doeth ield them both their*
*chaunge:*
*For painfull death with heauens fire do ſuffer*

*Their both bodies dead(moſt fearfull ſpectacle)*
*Moſes cauſeth be men in readines*
*To be caſt out, fare frome the tabernacle,*
*For ſo to be an exempell ſport les.*

*Moſes cauſeth to be ſtoned a ionge man,*
*With falſe witneſſe proued a blaſphemer:*
*Fare from their camp the people to him ranne,*
*To kippe the law of their deare redemer.*

*God sheweth then the good prophete Moſes,*
*Fortelling him of his liue the paſſage,*
*All the cornels of the lande be promes:*
*Wiche he doeth ſe frome Nebo mount at large.*



*For Iſrael to put in his fredome,*
*Eioth Eglon slaied, king full of richeſſe:*
*Be this Moab the burden in his rome*
*Of Iſrael bearing, doeth him oppreſſe.*

*Towentie ieres wholl Siſure prouoker ſtoute,*
*Sor Iſrael did purſue, and aſſaill:*
*But him hydding ones not ſure, and in doute,*
*Iahel his head came to perce with a naill.*

*When Gedeon behilde throw the waters,*
*Thre hundred full of his men to be drond,*
*In their handes laid trompettes, both and tapers:*
*So victorie on his enmies he fond.*

*Hauing killed his bretherne on a ſtone,*
*Abimelech was forced ielde the ghoaſt:*
*For beſieging with ſor warre Thebes, anon*
*A ſtrocke he had, of a woman with loſt.*

*Be Sanſon ſtronge at ſome foxes tailles wer tied*
*Fagettes burning, wherof troubled did ſtarre*
*The Phiſtins, left awai go vntied*
*Be ſuche a meane, that all corne thei did marre.*

*A thouſande men with a chickebone did kill*
*Of a dead aſſe Sanſon, wiche frome theſame*
*Seeth ſpring water, wherof he drinketh his fill,*
*When to his helpe god calleth him, and his name.*

*Of Booz wheat Ruth began to gather,*
*And nigh to him is she ſo bolde to come:*
*The good Booz victals bidde to giue her:*
*Then she ſo wiſe, willeth his wif become.*

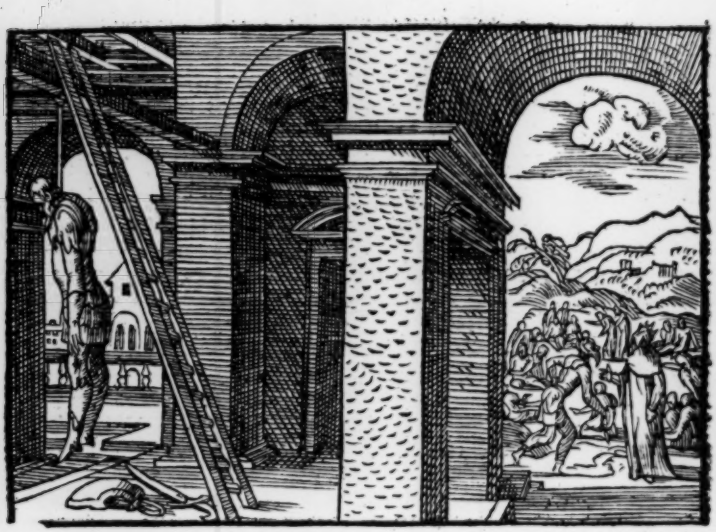
*The wicked ſprit entring in the bodie*
*Of kinge Saül, for ſor him to tourment:*
*Dauid plaing, with swete a melodie*
*Diuinlie mad him awai to abſent.*

*Micol Dauid to be killed fearing,*
*Faineth ſicknes a bed kepe him, and binde:*
*Then an image all hearie ther laing,*
*Thinketh to chaunge of the king theſame minde.*

*Dauid willeth not, auenge him of his kinge,*
*Allthought it laieth in his power vtterlie:*
*Onlie on him the great daunger hanging,*
*Of him in care, sheweth him faithfullie.*

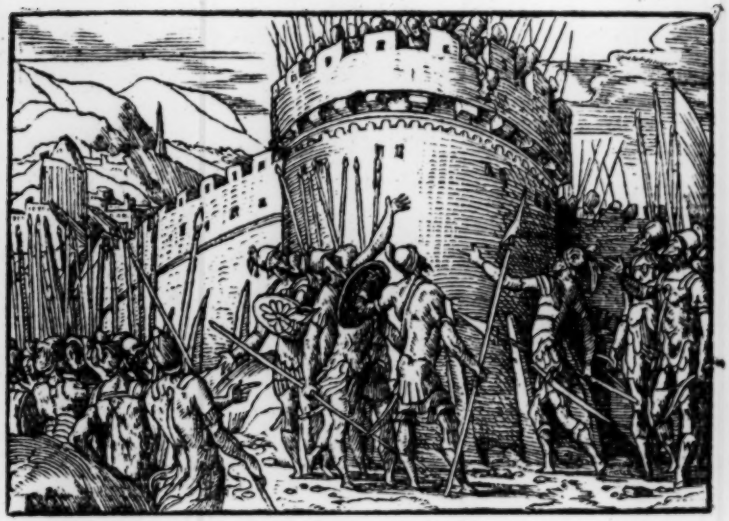
*Saül ſeing his thre childerne beslain,*
*His warriars all, and the bataill be loſt,*
*Being wonded, feareth priſonner remain:*
*Wherfor his lif, with his hande did him coſt.*

*Ammon forced Thamar his one ſiſter:*
*Abſalon then, for the ded deteſtable*
*Mad a banquet, wher he coming after,*
*Was ther then slaied, of his men, at his table.*

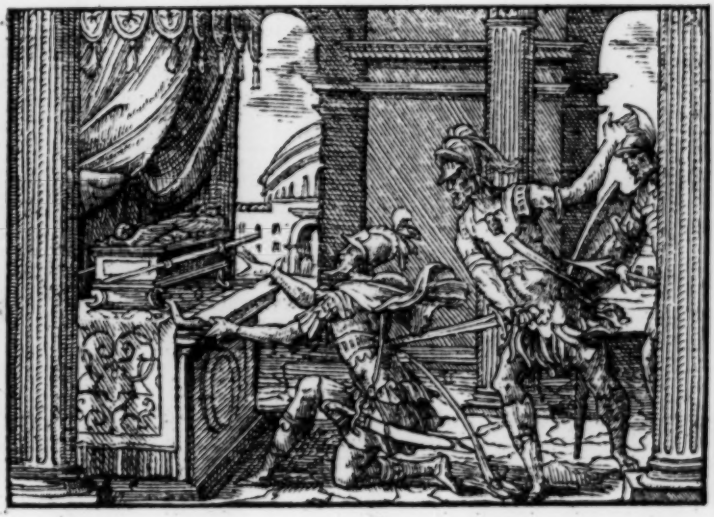


*Of treaſon sheweth the falſe talking coured*
*Achitophel, that Dauid innocent*
*Abſalon taketh, but all is diſcoured:*
*Wherfor for fear, ſtraight to hange himſelf*
*went.*

*Abſalon is for his wickednes paied:*
*For god permitteth, willing nomor forbeare,*
*That be the heares hanged remaining ſtaied,*
*Ioab cauſeth him die, with ſtrockes of ſpeare.*



*Ioab befor the ſtronge towne of Abele,*
*The dwellers in did ſomme, and warne them laſt,*
*To ielde to him Siba falſe, and rebell:*
*Whoſe hed anon, to them in he did caſt.*



*Salomon knoweth Ioab vnfaithfullnes:*
*Wherfor angrie, with his mouth doeth comande,*
*To death bitter to be put, with cruelnes,*
*Allthought touching goddis altar doeth ſtande,*

*The quene cometh frome Saba, for to heare*
*Salomon kinge, and his diuin conning:*
*Wiche being hard, wonderfull did apeare:*
*Preſentes therfor riche mad, him fauouring.*

*Obeiſsing man, mor then his god aboue,*
*Fed his bodie a prophete in Bethel:*
*But in the waie, when thence he did remoue,*
*W as put to death, with a wilde beaſt cruell.*

*Therſe being rond about beſieged,*
*Zambri maing not no wiſe awai tourne,*
*Durſt aſſaut none ſuffer, ſor affliged:*
*Wherfor himſelf in his palaice doeth burne.*

*When on the earth, no rain god did releaſe,*
*In the torrent of Carith drancke Helie*
*With tow rauans, as to god it did pleaſe,*
*Were bread and win, to him brought faithfullie.*

*Praing his god Helie mad to reliue*
*Be diuin power the childe of his hoſteſſe:*
*Wiche beholding, her childe to be aliue,*
*A holie man him to be, did confeſſe.*

*In wildernes Helie ſeeth an Aungell,*
*Water, and bread ſhewing him, in that whill:*
*Be whoſe vertue, after he hath eate well,*
*Cometh to the top of Oreb goddis hill.*

*Heliſe did the people pacifie,*
*When honger ſor did him vexe, and moleſte:*
*With litle bread did him ſo ſatisfie,*
*That encreaſing, therof had ſome of reſt.*

*The Siriens brought Heliſe all blinded*
*Of god into Samarie, then hartleſſe:*
*Then do we ſe how god wolde, and minded*
*That left thei were go, together harmeleſſe.*

*Iehu ſeing Iezabel be kepth faſt*
*Within a towr, broken of her high minde,*
*Her bodie down cauſed thence to be caſt:*
*Whe her deuoored was, of dogges, in her kinde.*

*To be buried is laied a man ſterke deade,*
*Within the tombe of Heliſe prophete:*
*Wiche as the bones he toucheth liſteth his heade,*
*And reliued, riſeth ſtraight on his feete.*

*Iſrael is kept faſt in Aſſirie:*
*But the wicked, wiche on god no truſt ſette.*
*On Iſrael holding all Samarie,*
*Ar put to death, with leons fiers, without lette.*

*The Aſſiriens, thinking be their great deedes,*
*Hieruſalem to force, with mightie hande:*
*The Aungell did, being then at their ſides,*
*Slain a hundred, fiue and fiftie thouſande.*

*Of the Hebreus the great perſecutour*
*Sennacherib, worshipping his Idole*
*Slain was, without other executour,*
*But his childerne, drawen into monopole.*

*Ezechias ſicke a bed in great ſmart,*
*Was be Eſaie warned of death ſo ſtronge:*
*Then he prȧied god fearfull, with all his hart,*
*Wiche healed him, and his lif did prolonge.*

*The holie law, in the boocke conſerued,*
*Red is befor Ioſias king of might,*
*Wiche willeth ſure, that it be obſerued:*
*So mindeth walke fautles in his goddes ſight.*

*All wicked deedes are then awai tourned,*
*When Ioſias walketh in holines:*
*On the altars the falſe prieſtes are burned:*
*For what god hateth, he ſeeth with werines.*

*Keping Tobie priſonner men wicked,*
*Neuertheleſſe his god beareth in minde*
*So feruentlie, that in his hart ſticked,*
*Woorckes of mercie to shew of eurie kinde.*

*The childe Tobie holdeth faſt in his hande*
*This ſo great fiſshe, putting him in ſurtie:*
*Then him clenſing wiſelie he doeth demande*
*Of Raphael, his owne true propertie.*

*Tobie putteth of the ſame fiſshe the gall*
*The colles vpon, and to god doeth truſt ſure:*
*Wherfor Sara to his wif letting fall,*
*Bond the Aungell, the enmie of nature.*

*His good father reioiſsing verie olde,*
*With a good zeale Tobie at his coming,*
*A will the gall on his eies he doeth holde*
*Of this his fiſshe, thence his ſight reſtoring.*

*Holophernes with Iudith is in loue,*
*But she anon paied him for his follie:*
*For as he was droncke, that he colde not moue,*
*She killed him, deliuring Bethulie.*

*With Assuere Hester in fauour come,*
*Saued from death all the people Ie wisshe:*
*Mad hange Aman, wicke wolde hange in his rome*
*Good Mardoche, most wicked and piuisshe.*

*Yet that Sathan with leaue and licencie*
*Of god ſtracke Iob, with extreme affliction:*
*Neuertheleſſe his manlie paciencie*
*Mad to apeere his diuin perfection.*

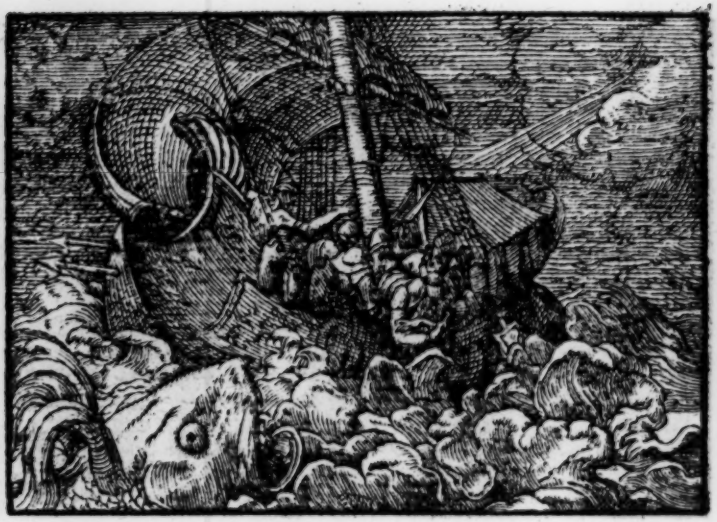
*Ezechiel in the fildes diſioined*
*Saw bones manie, wiche as his minde did giue,*
*Were all anon eche to other ioined*
*With ſtronge ſinous, full of fleſhe, and of liue.*

*The thre childerne woorshippe not the Idole:*
*Wherfor a liue ar thruſt in the fornace:*
*Down the Aungell cometh that doeth them*
*conſole,*
*Harmeleſſe frome fire, keping them in that place.*

*Balthaſar ſeeth a hande and doeth beholde,*
*Upon a wall writting his mishappe:*
*For he drinking in the temples vaſes to bold,*
*To leeſe anon his kingdome doeth not ſcappe.*

*In Babilone worshipped the dragon,*
*Of Daniel is with meanes ſure mete withall:*
*For a morſell, wiche to deuoore is gon,*
*Caſting to him, burſted, and dead did fall.*

*From the leons deane is Daniel ſaue brought out,*
*God permitting him receaue no outrage:*
*His enmies all in a ſore feare be put,*
*And in his ſted deuoured, with great rage.*



*Ionas thinking frome his God for to flie,*
*On ſea ſailling, ther came ſuche a tempeſt,*
*That the shippmen him did caſt in boldlie:*
*Wherfor anon the water was in reſt.*

*Daies and nightes thre in her bodie the whall*
*Ionas did kepe, and then cooſt him to lande:*
*Where of his god heare did the voice to call,*
*Wiche him go preshe, to Niniue dit commande,*

*Criing Ionas that god willeth ſubuert*
*Niniue, then thei do penitencie make:*
*Kinges, and ſubiectes men ſe them to conuert,*
*To god mightie, wiche his vengeaunce kepeth backe.*

*Wonderfull is the heauie punition,*
*Wiche frome the skie cometh ſtricke Heliadore:*
*When the treaſure to robe taketh commiſſion*
*Wiche goddes temple doeth both deacke, and decore.*

*Seuen bretherne ar put to death bitter,*
*Keping the law of god, with deuotion:*
*So is with them their godlie deare mother,*
*Wiche bringeth them, to the execution.*